SIGHTS OF THE BOWERY.

THE VISITOR MARVELS AT THEM AND ATTHOSE OF NEAR-BY STREETS.

Little Vienna's Happy People on Second Avenue-" His Whiskers" at the Garden Hayweed, but No Parmer-The Bowers Girl and Her Stride Steve Brodie's-Some Interesting Scenes in Chinatown.

As Intercepted Letter, No. 2.

My guide, philosopher, and friend who placed me through Wall street is named Danny. He has taken me through the Bowery; that is, he has conducted me on a trip called "doing the Bowery," although much of it was off that historical way, and more of would have been if I had not curbed his youthful enthusiasm for what seemed to me to be prudential reasons.

We met by appointment at 8 o'clock in the evening—the painfully late hours at which some engagements here must be made have quite accustomed me to sleep until as late as 7 o'clock in the morning and proceeded from Broadway on Eighth street east to Second avenne. Danny informed me that this was a necessary preliminary to the Bowery, as the beer of the letter place was a good "chaser" for the beer of Little Vienna, as the lower end of Sec-

and avenue is called.

Exactly why it is so called Danny could not inform me, as his exact information concerning the locality extended only as to relative excellence of the various beers sold there. But it was not difficult to surmise. Whether or not there is a preponderance of Vienness in the neighborhood I could not determine, but the character of the numerous places of refreshment which projected out onto the sidewalk, and the custom of the men and women in their patronage of these cafes, as they are called, accorded with what we have read of the merry and frank sociability and conviviality characteristic of Vienna.

Nowhere else in New York have I seen so

much pleasing out-of-door life as on that stroll down Second avenue, several blocks south from Eighth street. In my tourthrough Hester street and its neighborhood I certainly saw more people living out of doors for the time being, but the impression conveyed there was that they were living out of doors because they could not live inside, and in no respect was their life so exposed agreeable to contemplate. In Little Vienna, however, every one we saw was prosperous looking, well dressed, and merry, The sidewalk portions of the cafe's vine-covered gas-lit arbors were all filled with this character



TOUGH, BUT ENTERTAINING.

of men and women, drinking beer and merrily gossiping, yet the ranks of those slowly strolling matter how many turned into the cafes. We turned into one promptly at Danny's suggestion. for I had given him a sum of money to pay our necessary expenses, and he seemed filled with a hot desire to convert the fund into beer with the least possible delay. I am not, as you know, addicted to the consumption of malt beverages except in occasional small quantities, and I

except in occasional small quantities, and I did not depart from my accustomed practice in this instance, much to Danny's regret. He, however, developed a capacity and appetite for beer which was one of the greatest smazements of our evening's experience, yet with all returned a caim superiority of demeanor which I had hitherto held to be utterly incompatible with so inordinate an indulgence in even mild intoxicants.

Little Vienna is sometimes called "Lovers' lane," and the appellation is apt, for on the sidewalks were scores, hundreds, of pairs of sweethearts, walking hand in hand, sometimes even with encircling arms, but exciting no embarrassing comment or attention. These aspects of the place made it difficult for me to realize that I was in New York, for it is a characteristic of finat-small but prominent portion of the inhabitants of this puzzling community known as New Yorkers to maintain public a quiet reserve of demeanor which may be an expression of dignity, but which impresses a stranger as an exidence of unintermittable borsetom.

The young women we encountered in Lovers, lane were, as a ride, extremely prepossessing in face and form, and, to my untutored eye, were appareled with more artistic and pleasing sea-



"HIS WRISERDS."

sonableness, both as to fabric and fashion, than the ladies I have observed in the wealthy residential portions of the city. Two of these Danny was acquainted with; at least he, to my great confusion, invited them to join us at a cafe table, where, before I could voice my intended remonstrance, he introduced them to me, as usual, as "Mr. Meadowville" and ordered beer for them. I did not catch their names; indeed, I now recall that he did not mention them, and at take very moment I am troubled by a suspicion that he lacked a previous acquaintance with them; yet he appeared to be on hilariously intimate acquaintance terms with them; yet he appeared to be on hilariously intimate acquaintance terms with them. They all three laughingly reproached me for my lack of genishity, and suggested my removal from Meadowville to some place nearer the Howery as a means of enlivening my views of life. Danny proposed to the young ladies that they accompany us during the remainder of our trip, but this suggestion I at once vetoed, and hastily suggested that we should at once proceed unaccompanied.

This we did. The Howery was a great surprise to me. To be sure it was brilliantly lighted, animated, busy, noisy with elevated, cable, and half a dozen horse car lines, populous, and poculiar to itself in many of its aspects, but there was little a casual observer can see which entilles it to its reputation for attractive wickedness. It is a vast shopping and lodging-house street, having, however, many banks, theatres, some churches, club halis, restaurants, saloons—not many—and places of



ery life made familiar by song and story, that those features were to be found in the neighborhood, particularly in some of the streets which parallel the Bowery on the east, but that mest of the places "not on the level" had been "chased" by the police off from the Bowery. As he explained this he turned me into a saloon with low ceilings, only twice as wide as its entrance, and I found myself in one of the few shew places of the Bowery. Steve Brodie's.

Danny informed me that Mr. Brodie had once been a newsboy, but had jumped into fame and fortune and the East litver from the Brooklyn Hridge at one time. My guide regretted that he could not make me acquainted with this remarkable person, as he was absent from the edity acquiring more fame by jumping into a stage river in a melodramatic representation of his original exploit. I was in a measure compensated, however, by a formal introduction to the manager of the place, a keen, smooth-faced young man of the name of Pigeon, as I understood it. Mr. Pigeon and two other men were striving to accomplish what seemed to be the hopeless task of filling the orders a curious growd were making for beer, there called "up," and other drinks.

"Three up and a seltzer; four up; two up and a whiskey," were the unending exclamations he hind the bar. The walls of the room, and the ceiling, too, were completely covered with photographs of prize ring and stage celebrities, with trophies from famous pugilistic encounters, and an unclassable lot of brick-brac, curios, and curiosity shop odds and ends. There was a piono, somewhere, which was being maltreated by some one, and a negro was endeavoring to drown the piano's disturbance by singing a deeply sentimental song. As I stood leaning against a rail, near the entrance door, a young man wearing a rather clean calico jumper, but otherwise roughly dressed and disreputable looking, approached me and sald in an injured manner, as he endeavored to shake my hand:



A HAYSERD, BUT NO PARMER.

"Because I wear a jumper is that an excuse for the barkeeper punching me in the eye?"
The question presented a social problem which I thought might be involved in local conventions, with which I was unacquainted, so I refrained from answering, which caused him no surprise, as he continued volubly:

"I'm no bum, if I do wear a jumper, and am familiar with all those niceties of grammatical construction which should abstain a fellow creature from denying me the sad prerequisite of singing 'Home, Sweet Home, which was my only request to the gentleman at the piano, who theretofore punched me in the eye, the nigger oeing more appertaining to his tunefulness as his partner in this scene of glittering gayety." I still "abstained" from answering, and the man with the jumper continued:

"Judge ye not from appearances, lest ye also be punched in the eye; for I have read all those grand works, Henry the Fifth and Oliver Twist, which go to teach a man what constitutes a gentleman which should not punch me in the eye, for a bum is not a bummer unless he bums. Being an old New Yorker, though a native of another sod, I love the Stars and Stripes in every form and particle, having travelled all through Africa, and yet he punched me in the eye, and the spirit is assiduously vexed withal."



AT THE GARDENS: UP AND DOWN STAIRS. Although there was something droll in this in-consequential assembling of words, I was be-ginning to feel somewhat nervous about the possible intentions of the man in the jumper, whose eye had been so irrelevantly punched, when Mr. Pigeon came to my resene by abruptly ordering the punched one to "get," which he did, hastily.

"Did be strike you all saked Mr. Pigeon.

n, nastly,
"Did he strike you?" asked Mr. Pigeon.
"No, indeed." I answered, "he showed no dis-sition to assault me."

"No, indeed," I answered, "he showed no disposition to assault me."

I thought the manager was hiding a smile as he added: "I mean, did he ask you for money?"

"No, nor that, neither," I assured him, and then Danny came and we resumed our walk down the Bowery.

We next visited a vast hall, called the Atlantic Garden, where the main floor, which must have been an acre in ares, was densely packed with men and women sitting around little service tables, drinking beer and listening to a variety performance proceeding on the stage on one side of the room.

On the stage, also, were a number of young women dressed in white cleverly performing upon the instruments of an orchestra. The people on the main floor were in a large majority such as we had seen strolling along on the Bow-



THE MAN WITH THE JUMPER.





THE SUN, SUNDAY, AUGUST 19, 1894.

DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT, starting discummances, broken in health, possible that the property of the property o

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at all, and even the simplest arithmetical sums were as foreign to his intelligence as it was to that of his child. It was many weeks before all the base and mist cleared from his mind. He enjoyed taking with me about his condition, and expressed himself mystified why he had so many things to learn over.

So complete were the physical and psychical metamorphoses in this case that when he went out for the first time some of his best known acquaintances failed to recognize him, and had they not been prepared for the change would probably never have recognized him away from his home. He had lost also all taste for horse-manship; said he had forgotten how to handle horses; didn't even know how to arrange harness until shown. On the other hand, his desire was now to work at gardening, of which I found he had some remembrance, but I ascertained that when he was yet a boy in the eld country he had worked in a gentleman's garden as helper to the gardener. He was simply taking up the thread of life where he had dropped it as a boy. Other peculiarities could be mentioned, but these are enough. He is still living, enjoys good health, has become the father of other children, is called a fair gardener, is noted for his mild manners, abstinence from drink, and his even good temper. He is anything but a man of force. His whole nature now is one of a retiring, diffident sort. He is not weak minded, and yet his characteristics are more those of a child than of the lively Hibernian that he was before the accident. This case, to sum up, shows the following interesting features:

A sudden and intense nervous shock, with severe physical injuries, resulting in a mysterious disappearame of his second or other self, during which his dual personalities become curiously blended and confused,

The existence of his second or other self, during which his dual personalities become curiously blended and confused,

Restoration of a part of his former mentality, the physical characteristics and some psychical of his second self remaining perim

A CHIEF OF SOCIALISTS.

DANIEL DE LEON AND HIS SACRI. FICES FOR HIS OPINIONS.

He Gave Up Worldly Position to Advocate

His Decomme Theories - Some of Ru-Opinions About Men and Conditions. In heading a story about Mr. Daniel De Leon, once a newspaper editor used the words, "The King of Cranks." Mr. De Leon speaks of this as his second and last sorrowful experience with representatives of the capitalistic press, and since then he has persistently refused to talk to capitalistic reporters about himself or about the Socialistic Labor party, of which he is not doubtedly the head. It was, therefore, with difficulty that THE SUN obtained this very curate information about this very interesting man. He is very interesting because only a few years ago he was a Professor in the Columbia man. He is very interesting because only a few years ago he was a Professor in the Columbia College Law School and hobnobbed with the rich and the refined. He left their section become the editor of a socialistic newspape, the Poople, and his associates now are chorly the poor and the self-styled oppressed.

Ten years ago there wasn't any Socialist Labor party in New York. There was a National Tax party, and they all fought shy of the west socialism. Mr. De Leon at that time wast college, and he wasn't thought of as a leader. The events that practically drove him from the college made him promoved. Heing a martyr to the cause of socialists were located, he was just the man the Socialists were located, he was just the man the Socialists were located, the head of the party. To-day he can tak more glibly of the capitalistic this, and the capitalism of the rest, and can say radical things in a more relacion was already than any other man in the party. He is levesin agitation. In his speeches he as proaches dangerously mear the revolution mark, and hence he is popular with the botheads, who chiefly compose the party, and hopes so popular with the thinkers in it.

